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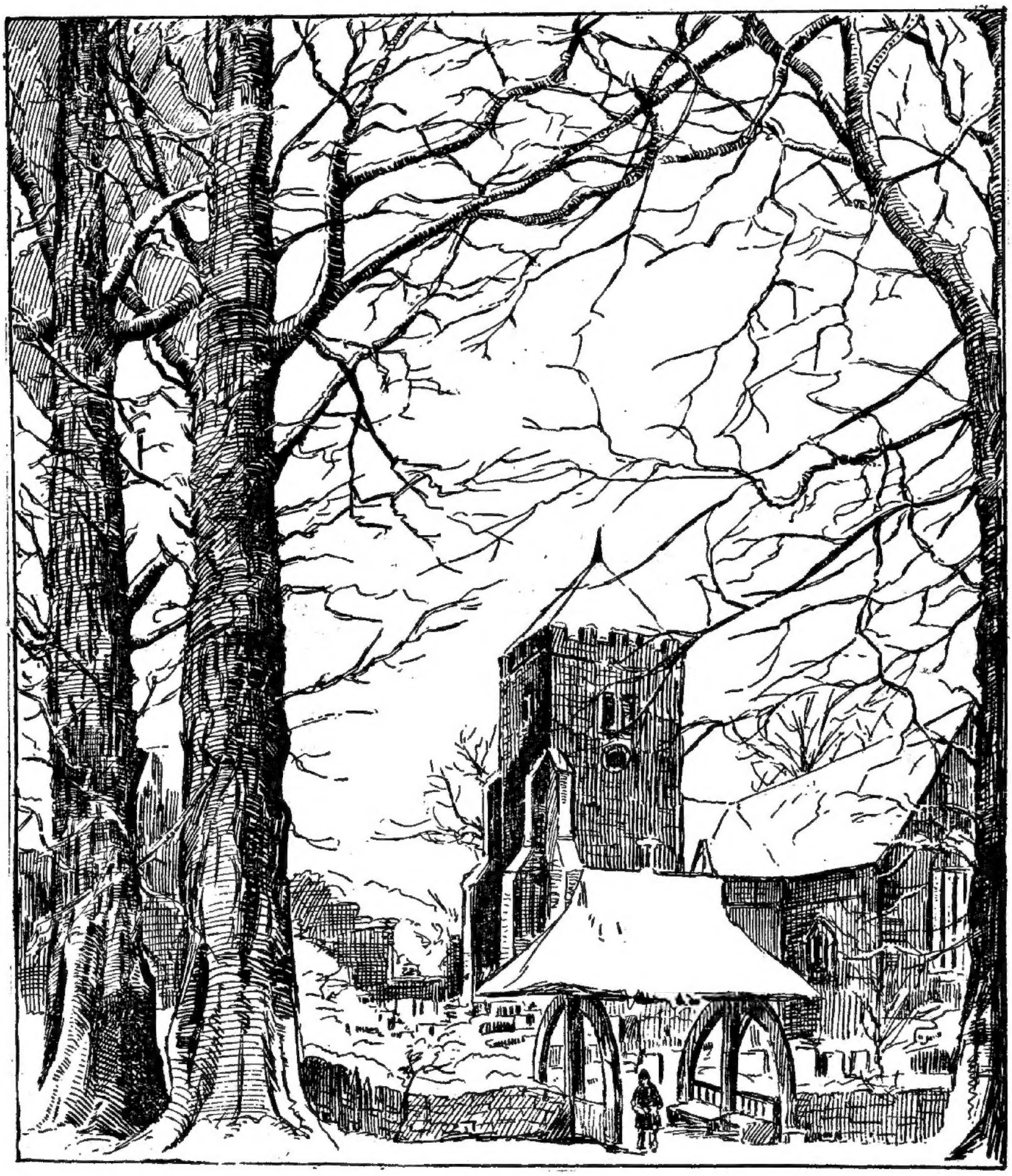


GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST.

'The Occident.'

'On Earth, Peace.'

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

(By Hope Daring, in 'American Messenger.')

'On earth, peace, peace,
Good-will to men,
The angels sang,
On earth, peace—'

Mrs. Sinclair rose, crossed the room, and drew together the heavy crimson portieres which separated the library from the back parlor. A frown furrowed her brow, while her hands trembled nervously.

'How foolish I am!' she exclaimed to herself. 'I always enjoy Nora's music, but somehow the words of that Christmas carol irritate me.'

She went back to the hearth-rug and stood looking thoughtfully into the mass of glowing coals.

When Margaret Sinclair had married, twenty-two years before, and had come to this beautiful home, she had brought with her, her only relative, a sister ten years old, Mr. Sinclair grew very fond of Bertha, and she had been like a daughter in the house. She was only eighteen when Har-

old North, a young mechanic, asked her hand in marriage. The Sinclairs refused his suit because he was poor. However the young girl loved Harold, and finally married him. From that time the door of her sister's home had been closed against her.

The Norths had removed to a distant city, and Bertha had written several times, but Mrs. Sinclair always returned the letters unopened. No news of them had reached her for a long time. Mr. Sinclair had died five years before, and Mrs. Sinclair was alone with her two daughters. In the early autumn, she had learned by a newspaper paragraph, that the Norths had returned to the city where she was living. The paper stated that Harold had been seriously injured by falling from a building upon which he was at work.

Here Mrs. Sinclair's reverie was interrupted by the entrance of Mae, her youngest daughter.

'Oh, mamma,' the girl cried, her pretty blonde face aglow with earnestness, 'will you not buy a basket of flowers for the Children's Hospital, for Christmas? I told the matron I knew you would.'

Mrs. Sinclair promised willingly. It might ease the pain at her heart to give. She sighed as she noticed Mae's strong resemblance to Bertha. How had the latter stood ten years of poverty and toil? Ah, was there any such thing as peace?

As the week before Christmas slipped by, Mrs. Sinclair bestowed gifts with even more than her usual liberality. But the shadow was not lifted fom her brow. 'On earth, peace'—those words were always ringing in her ears.

On Christmas Eve Nora found her mother sitting alone before the library fire, her hands closped listlessly in her lap.

'Come with us to the church, mamma,' she coaxed. 'It is the festival for the mission Sabbath-school, and you will enjoy the music and the happy faces of the children.'

Mrs. Sinclair consented wearily. The walk through the thronged streets recalled memories of other days. Were there little ones in Bertha's home for whom she was to-night shopping ? Or did poverty debar the mother from that joy?'

They soon arrived at the church, and Mrs. Sinclair took her place in the family pew. When the curtain rose before the tree, Mrs. Sinclair almost forgot her vexation in the delight of the children, but in a few moments it was recalled to her mind as Nora stepped forward, and sang in her sweet, well-trained voice the quaint old carol, 'On earth, peace!' Margaret Sinclair closed her lips firmly and said to herself, 'I will forget.'

It is not always in our power to forget. Sometimes it is the voice of God which bids memory come to us, and, although we may refuse to heed the lesson it would fain teach, we cannot bar out the guest.

'Did you enjoy it, mamma?' Nora asked wistfully as the girls joined their mother. 'You look tired. I wish I had ordered the carriage to come for us.'

'Yes, I enjoyed the children's happiness. The walk will do me good.'

Mae drew her mother's hand in her arm, and they went home. When they ascended the steps Nora said,

'Now, we are going to have our gifts and a cosy little lunch. This will be the only bit of Christmas we can have all to ourselves. To-morrow there's the dinner-party to all the Sinclairs, so to-night we will be happy together.'

Mrs. Sinclair had selected a set of pearls for Nora, while the quaint silver toilet articles for Mae had been ordered from Paris. The girls' gifts to their mother were of their own handiwork; Nora's a violet-embroidered lunch-cloth, and Mae's a picture painted by herself. Mrs. Sinclair recognized the bend of the placid river and the group of long-limbed elms as forming part of her favorite view from the verandah of their summer home. She entered so fully into the pleasure of her children that her face resumed its usual placid look. They enjoyed the simple lunch, and as they lingered over the fragrant coffee and grapes Nora said suddenly,

'I've been thinking of Aunt Bertha to-day, mamma, I wish you would let me write to her.'

It was a daring speech for the name of the Norths was never mentioned. Mrs. Sinclair replied coldly,

'We will not discuss that matter.'

A few moments later they separated for the night. Nora whispered as she kissed her mother,

'Forgive me, mamma, if I hurt you. Christmas always makes me think of those I love, and since papa is gone we are few in number.'

Mrs. Sinclair held her daughter in a close embrace for a moment. When she spoke she said, 'Good-night, darling. God is good to give me such dear girls.'

Alone in her room, Mrs. Sinclair paced restlessly to and fro. Why did this matter, long ago settled, persistently haunt her?.

After a little she retired; but only to lie for hours staring into the darkness. At last she fell into a restless sleep. She awoke just as the first faint light of morning crept in at the window.

The first thought that came to her was of the Christ who so loved sinful, erring humanity that he gave his life to redeem the world from sin. One of his gifts had been peace. Could she in any way truly observe the natal day, of the Divine Saviour of the world, while refusing to accept the heaven-proclaimed message that heralded his coming? Ah, there was the solution to the problem that had so vexed her—Christ, the very incarnation of love and peace.

Finally, Mrs. Sinclair rose, and began, with trembling fingers, to dress. She put on a plain street suit, and a long sealskin cape. Quitting her room, she reached the lower hall just as a servant was carrying fresh bouquets of roses and violets into the dining-room. He stared in surprise at seeing his mistress arrayed for the street.

'Tell the cook to prepare breakfast for several more than the family,' Mrs. Sinclair said quietly, 'We will have guests.'

She opened the massive hall door and descended the steps. The city was slowly waking to life. The sun was rising, and through the closely-set houses she caught a glimpse of the eastern sky aglow with radiance. The crisp air, the comparative quiet of the streets, and the chiming of the distant bells—all these gave an added impetus to her new-born resolve.

A half-hour after leaving her home she was climbing the stairs of a crowded tenement-house.

At the door of the room to which she had been directed she paused and rapped. No reply came. Margaret waited a moment, then entered the room. It was apparently a sitting-room, and poorly furnished, although neat and clean. Two boys of five and seven were sitting on the floor, their heads bent over the contents of their stockings.

One glance showed Mrs. Sinclair the home-made toys, the picture-cards, and the tiny packages of candy. The next moment she was kneeling by the children.

'Where did you come from?' the eldest boy asked, a look of wonder in his blue eyes. 'You can't be Santa Claus, 'cause you are a lady.'

'No, I am your Aunt Margaret. I came to tell you that Santa Claus has many beautiful gifts for you at my home. Will you go with me?'

'Yes,' and he sprang up, clapping his hands gleefully. 'I know you. Mamma loves you and talks about you. She cries sometimes; but she cries lots since papa got hurt.'

Margaret drew both boys in her arms. 'Tell me your names,' she said.

'Why, don't you know? I'm Alfred, and little brother is Max.'

Alfred! That was her beloved husband's name.

A door opened. There was a startled cry. Mrs. Sinclair looked up to see her sister standing near. Bertha was worn and faded, and upon her shoulder rested one hand of her husband. Harold leaned upon a crutch with his other arm.

Mrs. Sinclair advanced hurriedly. 'Bertha, Harold, dear sister and brother, will you forgive me ? I ask it in the name of Christ.

When they became composed enough to listen to mutual explanations, Mrs. Sinclair learned that the long illness of her sister had kept the family in straitened circumstances, and that Harold's accident had threatened them with actual want. She learned, too, that poverty and trouble had not dimmed the love of husband and wife.

That evening they were all gathered in the library of the Sinclair home. Nora was sitting on the hearth-rug the children nestling close against her, while Alfred tried to tell which of the many gifts he had received was the best.

'I think my best Christmas present was my dear little cousins,' Nora cried gayly.

Her mother's eyes rested lovingly on the group before the fire. 'The best of all Christmas gifts is peace, my darlings,' she said, 'the peace that Christ is always ready to give.'

A Merry Christmas.

'A merrie Christmas' to you!
For we serve the Lord with mirth,
And we carol forth glad tidings
Of our holy Saviour's birth.
So we keep the olden greeting
With its meaning deep and true,
And wish 'a merrie Christmas'
And a happy New Year to you!

Oh, yes! 'a merrie Christmas'
With blithest song and smile,
Bright with the thought of Him who dwelt
On earth a little while,
That we might dwell for ever
Where never falls a tear:
So 'a merrie Christmas' to you,
And a happy, happy year!
—F. R. H.

We wish all our readers a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

BOYS AND GIRLS

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

—'Frank Leslie's Magazine.'

The Fitzgeralds' Christmas.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

Josephine and Elizabeth Seymour had been saving up their pennies for a long time; and when their mother said they might open their bank, they were very glad—partly because they wondered how much there was in it, and partly because there were so many nice ways to spend pennies, and they were tired of saving.

It was the week before Christmas; and the contents of the bank were to be spent for some poor little children that Santa Clause couldn't find. That was their mother's idea, and Josephine and Elizabeth were delighted with it; and for weeks past, the thought of these children had helped them to deny themselves candy when the temptation was strongest.

Their eyes were very bright now as the money rolled out in Josephine's lap; ever so many pennies with now and then a nickel among them. A dollar and sixty cents they counted; and if you have ever saved money yourself, you will understand how much that seemed to the two little girls.

'Now, what shall we buy for the poor children, mamma?' they asked, eagerly.

'In the first place,' said their mother, 'we must find the children. I don't know of any that I am sure will have no Christmas; but I will go out this afternoon and see if I can't find some.'

'Can we go too?' cried the little girls.

Mrs. Seymour hesitated a moment. 'I am afraid not,' she said; 'for, you see, I can't be sure just where I may have to go, nor how far I may have to walk. But I will tell you all about it when I come home, and you shall go with me to-morrow to buy the presents.'

With that Josephine and Elizabeth had to be satisfied, and all the afternoon, while their mother was out, they talked and wondered about what kind of poor little children she would find, and how many presents their dollar and sixty cents would buy.

When Mrs. Seymour came home it had grown dark, and the streets were lighted; and she had been gone so long, and looked so tired, that it was really just as well that she had not taken the little girls with her.

When she had laid aside her wraps, and all three were seated cosily around the fireplace, she told them where she had been, and what she had found.

'First,' said she, 'I went to see the poor family we sent the flour to the other day, you know—where the father went away and left them, and the baby died. But the newspapers told everybody about them; so they have had plenty of help; and the children are asked to a Christmas tree. Then I remembered an Irish family that a neighbor of mine told me about. She said the father drank, and they were very poor; and, sometimes, in winter, the children had no shoes; but the mother would never ask for anything, and was too proud to let anyone know how poor they were. I was rather afraid to go there, dreading that, being a stranger, I might say something to hurt the mother's feelings. So I first whispered a prayer that God would help me to know how to speak to her. For when people are very poor, and in trouble, you have to be more careful and gentle with them than with those who are rich and happy.'

Here the little girls looked very serious, and Josephine nodded her head as if she understood.

'The name of the woman,' continued Mrs. Seymour, 'was Mrs. Timothy Fitzgerald, and I found that she lived in a little, one-story, frame house, way out on Straight street. She kept me waiting some time after I had knocked, before she opened the door, and she had evidently just tied on a clean apron, and combed her hair, too; for she had stuck the comb in her back hair and forgotten to take it out.

'"Is this Mrs. Fitzgerald?" I asked, as politely as I could.

'"Yes, ma'am; will you walk in?" Then, as I accepted the invitation: "Take a seat, ma'am; it's a cold day, ma'am."

'There was a cradle in the room, with a baby in it, and a little girl near, who looked at me shyly at first, peeping at me from behind her mother's skirts; but by-and-bye she grew less timid, and came near enough to stroke my furs, calling them "Kitty," and stick her dingy little hands into my muff; for neither they nor the room were very clean.

'Mrs. Fitzgerald and I had quite a visit before I dared say anything about Christmas; and we found that her sister used to wash for my mother when she was a little girl; so, of course, that made us feel like old friends. And then we began to talk about the hard times, and how many children she had; and I said I thought perhaps they wouldn't feel like doing much for Christmas this year. And (poor thing!) she tried to tell me what fine presents their father always bought them; but, finally she agreed with me that it might be better if, this year, he spent his money for shoes and things they really needed. And I told her about my little girls saving their pennies, and how glad they would be to spend them for her children; and then she choked up a little, and the tears came to her eyes, and she said:

"God bless their dear little hearts, ma'am!"

'And when I thought of my two little girls, with their happy home and kind father to do everything for them, and then of those poor, neglected little things, half-clad and half-fed; why, I had to wipe my eyes, too. Then I asked her to write on a

piece of paper the children's ages and names, and I was almost sorry I had; for she had so much trouble in finding any paper. However, she did find it at last, and here are the names and ages of the little Fitzgeralds, just as their mother wrote them:

'"Josephine .. .. age 12
Willie .. .. " 10
George .. .. " 8
Mary .. .. " 7
Francis .. .. " 6
Florence .. .. " 3
Geraldine, age ten months."'

'How funny! the oldest is Josephine, just like me!' exclaimed Joephine, 'but she is such a big girl, I should think she would like a kind of history book; and I know just ezzakly what Mary would like," looking shyly at her mother.

'What?' asked her mother, smiling.

'Any little girl of seven, I should think, would like a beautiful doll's trunk, with trays, and a bonnet, too, and real lock and key.'

That was just what Josephine had been hoping for months that Santa Clause would bring her.

'But what if the little girl of seven hasn't any doll, or any doll's clothes?'

'Why, I never thought of that,' gasped Josephine. 'Hasn't poor Mary any doll?'

'I am afraid not,' said her mother, shaking her head, sadly.

'Then, of course, we must buy her one,' said Josephine decidedly.

'And poor little Florence, too,' said Elizabeth.

'Yes, I think that will be best,' said Mrs. Seymour; 'and here comes papa; we must consult him about presents for Willie and George and Francis.'

And so they did, and decided on sleds and a box of tools, as Mrs. Fitzgerald said George was already whittling and trying to make things.

That night the little girls fell asleep talking of to-morrow's shopping, and Josephine dreamed that she had only five cents to buy presents for seven children with.

The next morning, bright and early, they started down town with their mother, and returned at noon, tired but triumphant. Mamma knew such beautiful places to shop! and when their dollar and sixty cents did not cover the cost of the seven presents she made up the difference; and the two little girls looking delightedly at their purchases, remembered thankfully how many times they had gone without candy when it seemed as if they must have it.

'And now, just because we denied ourselves,' said Josephine, 'Josephine and Willie, and George and Mary, and Francis and Florence, and Geraldine, will have nice Christmas presents.'

Mrs. Seymour ordered the presents sent the day before Christmas, and gave the directions carefully: 'Mrs. Timothy Fitzgerald, 1021 Straight street.'

Those were busy days that followed, yet not so busy but that the two little girls found many moments to devote to thinking and speaking of the household they hoped to make so happy on Christmas Eve.

'I s'pose Santa Claus must feel like us all the time,' said Elizabeth, her little heart overflowing with the blessedness of giving.

At last Christmas Eve came.

'If we could only look in at the window to-night!' sighed the little girls.

About four o'clock in the afternoon there was a faint ring at the street door, and a little boy in a ragged jacket was shown in, who introduced himself as Willie Fitzgerald, and was the bearer of a note written in pencil, which he handed to Mrs. Seymour. This was the note:

'Mrs. Seymour:

'I sent my little girl over to that house for them things, as you said; but them people won't give them, and them people say that the man what brought them tould them to keep them until he called for them. And may be he didn't tell at the store about them a tall. I would be very glad to have them for the little wones. If you please Mrs. Seymour. The store that brought them will have to get them. They won't give them any other way. I would be very glad to have them for the morning. I tought if you sent A note up to the store They would fix it all right.

'Mrs. T. Fitzgerald,
'1021 Straight street.'

Willie looked serious and unhappy, and watched Mrs. Seymour's face anxiously, as she read his mother's note.

'Does your mother mean that the things were taken to the wrong house, Willie?' she asked.

'Yes, sir—yes, ma'am,' stammered Willie. 'They live across the street, ma'am, and they're poor, and ma says they ain't the same kind of folks we be.'

'Oh, well; I must go out myself and see about it at once,' said Mrs. Seymour. 'Tell your mother not to worry, Willie; I will be there almost as soon as you are.'

'Oh, mamma, please let us go too,' cried Josephine and Elizabeth; and this time their mother did not refuse them. They took a car at the nearest corner, which carried them to within a block of the Fitzgeralds. And there was the house across the street; a smaller, poorer house, even, than the Fitzgeralds', as they saw it in the twilight; and as they drew nearer a light appeared in the window, and showed them that it was just as full of children. But what a noisy, happy group the lamp-light shone upon! Those meagre arms clasped the very gifts they had chosen for the children across the way, and their grimy little hands caressed the two dolls that they had hoped would gladden the hearts of Mary and Florence.

Mrs. Seymour had meant to knock at the door and firmly demand the return of her packages; but now all three stood as if fascinated, watching the living picture showing through the lighted window.

As they looked, a thin, pale woman crossed the room; carrying a baby in her arms; a baby who was biting contentedly on the very rubber ring they had bought for ten-months-old Geraldine. Then they went softly to the door and knocked, sure that the tired woman with the baby in her arms would open it; and when she did, very gently Mrs. Seymour said:

'I think there has been a mistake about some things I ordered sent to Mrs. Fitzgerald, I thought the name and address were on the package.'

'Indeed, ma'am, I couldn't understand it myself,' said the poor woman. 'I am not a scholar about readin' writin', and the man what fetched 'em, he says this was the place the lady sent 'em—meaning you, I s'pose, ma'am. And then the children they got hold of 'em, and they was that pleased, never havin' had the likes o' no such Christmas before, ma'am; so when Mis' Fitzgerald she comes and says them things belongs to her, why I up and tells her I'll not give 'em up till the man what fetched 'em comes and takes 'em. But if you say they're hers, ma'am, she can have 'em, an' welcome, though it'll come hard taking 'em away from the little ones, seein' as my man's off work, and we wasn't expectin' to have no Christmas this year; and perhaps you wouldn't mind, ma'am, lettin' 'em keep 'em till they go to bed—that'll be soon, now—and I'll give you the word of a lady I'll take 'em over to the Fitzgeralds' myself, as soon as ever the children's asleep,' and the hollow eyes looked anxiously and wistfully into the kind face before her.

'I see it is all a mistake,' said Mrs. Seymour; 'they were just a few things my little girls here wanted to give to some little children who weren't expecting Santa Claus, as they are; and I am sure they will be very glad to have your children keep them as their gift, for the sake of the One who loves all little children.'

Josephine and Elizabeth had been pulling their mother's skirts and begging her in frantic whispers not to take the things away.

'Oh, yes, please keep them for your children, and we can give something else to the Fitzgeralds,' cried Josephine.

Their mother smiled; 'I knew how they would feel,' she said, holding out her hand to the poor woman before her, who clasped it in her rough palm, feeling for the moment that they were just two mothers, and understood one another.

'I can't thank you, ma'am,' she said brokenly, 'but I do thank you with all my heart, and you'll know that I mean it when I never see the children so happy in all their born days, and you that's a mother knows what that is, and my man he'll feel the same, and may God bless your Christmas.' Then she looked at the little girls, 'and may God bless you, too, that's surely doin' his work, in bein' good angels to my poor little children.'

As they turned away the little girls felt very solemn and happy. It was such a beautiful thought, that this that they had done was for the dear Christ's sake.

They stopped a moment at the Fitzgeralds' before going home, and late that evening a big bundle found its way to the right address this time; and Mr. Fitzgerald thought it was just as easy for 'rich people' like the Seymours to give presents to two families as to one. But the Seymours' friends wondered why the little girls did not give their party Christmas week this year as usual, and Josephine and Elizabeth never told how they paid for the second big Christmas bundle.—Cora Whittlesey Gregory, in 'Young Churchman.'

The Children's Offering.

The wise may bring their learning,
The rich may bring their wealth;
And some may bring their greatness,
And some bring strength and health.

We, too, would bring our treasures
To offer to the King;
We have no wealth or learning,
What shall we children bring?

We'll bring the little duties
We have to do each day;
We'll try our best to please Him,
At home, at school, at play.

And better are these treasures
To offer to our King,
Than richest gifts without them;
Yet, these a child may bring.

—Hymn.

Christmas at the Barlow's.

Three small noses were flattened against an equal number of window panes in the kitchen of the Barlow farm house, and three pairs of bright young eyes watched the thickly-falling flakes of snow as they softly settled on ground and roof and tree. The room was warm and cozy. Twelve-year-old Edith was setting the table, while her mother baked griddle-cakes of a lovely golden-brown.

'Won't there be slidin', though, bimeby!' shouted Jamie. 'Wished I had a better sled. Whew! Just see it come down!'

'Yooka dust yike ittle fervers, don't it?' exclaimed baby May.

'I call them fairies' wings,' said dreamy-eyed Margie.

'Ho,' laughed Jamie. 'Guess the fairies need their wings this weather to fly south with.'

Just then Mr. Barlow came into the kitchen with two foaming pails of milk.

'Oh look at pa,' cried Jamie. 'He's all covered with fairy wings.'

'Well, I'll go and shake them off before they fly away with me,' said Mr. Barlow good-naturedly, setting down the milk.

'Breakfast is ready,' announced Mrs. Barlow, presently, and the little folks turned from their contemplation of the snow, and took their places at the table.

'Look at Margie's nose,' said Jamie. 'It's red as a beet.'

'Better look at your own,' Margie retorted.

'Yes,' laughed Edith, pushing up May's high chair, and pinning a napkin round her neck, 'your silly noses are all as red as roses.'

'Ho! Just listen to the poetry,' cried the irrepressible Jamie.

'About as good as some that gets into print,' said Mr. Barlow.

'Better write some and send it to the papers, Edith,' said Jamie, hungrily eyeing the dish of cakes. 'Or would you have to pay 'em for it, if they printed it. I'd rather have the money for something else.'

After the blessing had been asked Jamie gave his undivided attention to his breakfast for a few minutes. Then, the edge of his appetite having been dulled, he burst forth with:

'Only a little more'n three weeks now till Christmas! Goody.'

A slight shadow fell over three faces; then Mrs. Barlow said quickly:

'Yes, it will be here pretty soon.'

'I want's a new dolly, wiv a silk dwess,' announced baby May, decidedly.

'I'd rather have a nice book, all full of pretty pictures than a doll,' said Margie.

'I'd like a new sled,' remarked Jamie, vigorously attacking a new pile of cakes. 'Mine's getting too small for me, and it don't go first-rate, either. Please give me some more milk, ma. Ben Jones has got a new one this winter. It's a clipper, I tell you. Wouldn't I like to have one of that kind, though! Only, I'd rather have a red one. Hisn's green.'

'What would you like for Christmas, Edith?'

'Oh, not a great deal this year,' Edith replied, smiling faintly, and getting up, she began putting in a tin pail a substantial lunch for Jamie and herself, and as soon as family prayers were over, they hurried off to school.

Mr. Barlow was a farmer in very moderate circumstances, who had felt keenly the depression in money matters which affected the country generally. But neither himself nor his wife considered it right to burden the children with the idea of hard times, so they explained cheerfully as far as seemed necessary the reasons for unusual economy, talked hopefully of the future, and strove to keep the home life as bright as possible.

Edith was a thoughtful little woman, and with her Mrs. Barlow discussed matters quite freely, though never despondently; that she considered would be both un-Christian and unkind. But the evening before this snowy morning she had told her very regretfully, that her father felt that he could spare no money at all this year for Christmas presents.

At first Edith was sorely disappointed on her own account, as well as for the others, but gradually she almost forgot herself in thinking of the younger ones, and their chatter this morning about Christmas sent a pang to her loving little heart.

But as she thought the matter over during the day, she decided that they must have some presents, putting away one or two longings of her own with the thought.

'Well, next year things will be different, I can wait.'

That evening, after the younger children had gone to bed, Edith and her mother had another talk.

'Of course, I can fix up some little things to put in their stockings,' said Mrs. Barlow. 'I could make a new rag doll for May, and can find a few pictures for a scrap-book for Margie. Jamie must wait awhile for his new sled. I am very sorry not to be able to do more. Next year, perhaps, we can.'

But Edith was not satisfied. If she could only earn the money to get the things the children wanted herself, Then she remembered seeing some pretty little dolls' heads at the store, marked fifteen cents, and decided that one of those would do for May. Surely she ought to be able to earn as much as that, she thought. Then if she could only get a book for Margie, a nice, big one, and Jamie's sled! But the doll she must get anyway.'

The next day was Saturday, and right after dinner she hastened to the house of a neighbor, half a mile away. Money was more plentiful with the Woods than with the Barlows, but they had difficulty in getting good help, and, as Edith knew, Mrs. Wood was now doing her work alone, with four little ones to care for. To that lady, therefore, she went with a frank statement of affairs.

'I suppose,' she concluded gravely, 'that you could spare fifteen cents, but I'd like to earn it if I could. Can't I help you this afternoon some way that will be worth as much as that?'

'Indeed you can,' replied Mrs. Wood, 'I was just wishing for some one to leave the children with while I went to town. If you'll stay with them I'll pay you fifteen cents gladly.'

Edith hesitated.

'Of course, I'm willing to stay with the children,' she said, 'but I don't like to take pay for doing that. I'd rather work for the money.'

Mrs. Wood laughed.

'I guess you'll find there's work enough about it,' she replied, 'and it will help me just as much as anything. You must let me pay you if you stay.'

So Edith consented, and Mrs. Wood hurried around to get ready, and soon was off, promising to drive around by Mrs. Barlow's to tell her of the arrangement, and that Edith would be brought home safely after tea. She also carried with her a commission to the store from the little girl herself.

Edith kept the children happy and contented, and when Mrs. Wood came home at night, she found a nice warm supper waiting for her.

'Well,' she exclaimed, 'this is better than I expected. You are a nice little housekeeper.'

'Why, Mrs. Wood,' Edith cried, 'this isn't a fifteen-cent head. It's a twenty-five cent one.'

'Yes, I know,' replied Mrs. Wood, smiling. 'I thought you would earn twenty-five cents, and now I am sure you have done so. It's worth something to find a warm supper all ready.'

After tea, Mr. Wood took Edith home, after she had made an engagement to come and help all day next Saturday if her mother could spare her. She also carried with her some sewing to do, for she was a deft little seamstress as well as housekeeper.

Her mother gladly spared her the next two Saturdays, and as Mrs. Wood was a generous employer, Edith was paid enough to buy a large picture-book for Margie and the red sled for Jamie.

With her mother's help she made a body for May's doll-head, and one day while she was at school, Mrs. Barlow found an old piece of white silk, which she dyed pink; so, to Edith's delight, she was able to make a silk dress for the doll.

The children had gathered a great many hazel nuts in the fall, and for the Christmas sweets, Mrs. Barlow made nut and molasses candy; some plain little cakes, which were rendered very toothsome with nuts thickly stirred in, and popcorn balls.

To Edith's surprise, she found on Christmas morning a good-sized package addressed to herself. She opened it with trembling fingers and discovered a round box, from which, amazed and delighted, she drew a little muff.

'Why, ma,' she exclaimed, 'I didn't suppose you could afford it.'

'Well, I didn't,' laughed her mother, and just then Edith spied a card which read: 'Merry Christmas from your friend Mrs. Wood.'

'She brought it over the other day while you were at school,' Mrs. Barlow continued. 'She said that a little girl who took so much pains to get presents for her brothers and sisters ought to have something that she wanted, too. She spoke very nicely about you, Edith, and seemed so pleased to give you the muff.'

'But, I wonder how she knew it was just what I wanted?' exclaimed Edith, with shining eyes. 'I'm sure I didn't say anything about it.'

'Oh, I told her,' said Jamie, as well as he could, with his mouth full of molasses candy, while he rushed about preparing to go out and try his new sled. 'Ma sent me over there one day on an errand, and Mrs. Wood was talking and asking questions, and I rec'lect now, I told her you wanted a muff. I never thought she was trying to find out anything. Well, it's nice enough, but I'd lots rather have my new sled,' and with a fresh bite of candy he rushed off.

Little May was alternately hugging her

dolly, and smoothing and patting its pink silk dress, while Margie's dreamy eyes opened wide over the lovely pictures in her book.

'Well,' said Edith, with a sigh of satisfaction, 'I thought I was happy enough when I'd got those presents for the others, but now I'm happier yet.'—'New York Observer.'

How the Church was Filled.

A TRUE STORY.

A certain young vicar found himself in charge of a parish where a predecessor had given loose rein to ritualistic tendencies of the most ultra sort, and with them secular tendencies of equally pronounced character. The previous vicar had even encouraged a dance among his young people on the Saturday evening of the Eucharist as a means of attracting them to the church. Fairs, festivals, bazaars and all the like group of worldly schemes were the common resort for raising money, but the spirit of prayer and the Spirit of God had little exhibition or administrative control.

The congregation was large, and the outward signs of prosperity were abundant. But the new vicar felt that it was all a deceptive external shell, and that there would be no true life, health, and growth where such sort of church conduct existed. Accordingly he at once, with much prayer, began, to preach against compromises with the world, and the use of worldly methods, and insisted vigorously on a scriptural, spiritual, prayerful Holy Ghost life and walk and service.

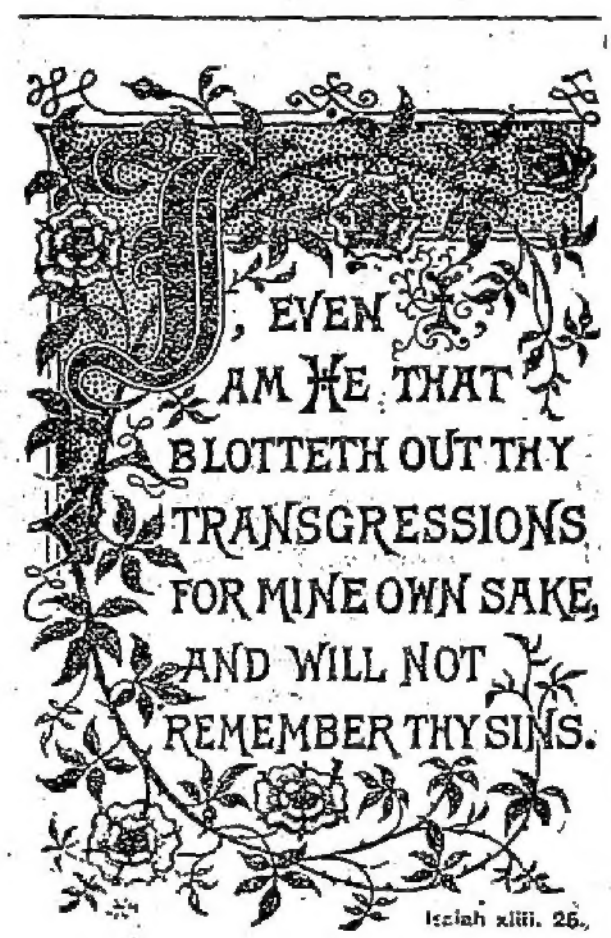
The church began to empty, and so rapid was the decline in the congregation that a deputation of twelve men, representing the officers, churchwardens, etc., went to the bishop to protest against the new vicar's methods. The bishop sent his wife, a gifted woman, to visit the parish and especially the vicar. She was kindly received and inquired as to his reasons for the course he was pursuing in demolishing the Lord's work as he found it in the parish. With affectionate frankness he proceeded to show how far the former ways of conducting the church were from scriptural methods. Then kneeling with the bishop's wife, he earnestly sought light from above. He prayed in the Holy Ghost, and in the midst of his prayer his companion said: 'Pray no longer; you are right, and I am wrong.'

The vicar went on with his reforms—until there were none left to reform. He went into church one morning to find but two persons present. They were in sympathy, however, and in place of the usual service, those three spent an hour and a half in prayer. They pleaded with God to take off them the burden of responsibility, and himself to take charge of the church.

A powerful work of the Spirit at once began. The first-fruits were the conversion of the twelve men who waited on the bishop to have the new vicar removed. The church filled up with a new congregation in part, and in part with a transformed body of people, formerly pursuing secular methods and moved by a worldly spirit.

Prayer came to be a prevailing habit, the Holy Spirit was recognized as the presiding officer in all the church life; voluntary offering through simple boxes, placed at the church door, and labelled, 'For offerings from the saints.' A simple, primitive gospel was preached without the inventions of formalism and secularism, and God's blessing conspicuously rested on all the work.

Subsequently the bishop himself visited the parish, and sitting with his own chaplain in the vestry, inquired of one of the churchwardens as to the number of communicants. The party inquired of was a humble blacksmith, and represented a congregation of poor working people like himself; and he answered the bishop, 'We never count our communicants; but when the Lord's Supper is celebrated, few, if any, go out, and the church is always full.' 'But,' said the bishop, 'how do you keep your communicants together, seeing you have no guilds and societies and festivals?' 'Well, I'll tell you, my lord,' said the simple workingman, 'our vicar first gets his people soundly converted, and then he gets 'em cleansed, and then he gets 'em filled with the Holy Ghost, and then the Holy Ghost keeps 'em, and we don't have to keep 'em at all!' The bishop, turning to his chaplain, remarked, 'We have nothing like this in the diocese.'



Further enquiry developed the fact that in raising money, for example, for missions no appeals are made. The people are reminded of their privilege of contributing on the following Lord's day to the Lord's cause; and thus poor people, whose average wages do not exceed sixteen shillings sterling per week, in that one missionary offering gave one hundred and fifty pounds. They support six missionaries abroad, and one of them is kept in the field by a class of poor working-women. The vicar says he has more money than is needed for all church expenses, and only New Testament methods are encouraged. A prominent man, whose work calls him to go into all parts of the land on mission work, and who has watched the history of this church, says that he knows nowhere anything that so closely resembles and reproduces the apostolic times.

We give prominence to this incident, as an illustration of great weight, to prove and exemplify the true remedy and resort for those who, in dismay at the worldly spirit in the churches, despair of betterment. When the Holy Spirit administers a church the most formidable obstacles soon give way before His all-subduing omnipotence of love. —'Missionary Review.'

The Red Tablecloth.

A TRUE CHRISTMAS STORY.

(Clara J. Denton, in 'Michigan Advocate.')

'I wonder how it would seem to live in an elegant house like that and always have everything I want to eat and wear?' thought Elenor Armstrong as she walked slowly along the country road one clear December afternoon. 'I wonder if I would ever grow proud and disagreeable like that Ned Tanner who lives there?' she continued, as her eyes wandered eagerly over the beautiful house and ample grounds. 'But if I was ever so rich I don't believe that I'd make fun of any one's shabby clothes as Ned Tanner did of mine yesterday. But mamma says I must have only gentle and forgiving thoughts in my heart now that the Christmas tide is at hand, so I'm trying hard to forgive him, 'specially since mamma told me that his mother is dead. Perhaps that was why he looked so queer when I told him that if he had no one to buy his clothes but a frail little mamma, he wouldn't look any finer than I do. I thought he was going to cry at first, but some way I didn't feel a bit sorry that I had said it. I wouldn't for anything have mamma know that he noticed my clothes. She used to be his mamma's friend when they were girls, and I'm sure he would have been a better boy if his mamma hadn't died. Oh, what a beautiful horse that is; that must be the grey colt I hear him bragging about so much. He is a darling, and no mistake. I don't wonder Ned loves him.'

She stopped, and leaning against the fence gazed admiringly at the capcrings of the mettlesome colt, who was galloping madly up and down the wide field, as if revelling in his freedom and the winter sunshine. Suddenly, to Elenor's intense surprise, the colt cleared the low board fence at a bound and came galloping up the road toward her. A queer feeling tugged at Elenor's heart. Ned's beloved colt was running away from its home, perhaps forever, and she was there to see it, surely this was ample compensation for Ned's words of ridicule. He would come home by and by and find the colt gone and perhaps they could never, never find him, for the ground was frozen so hard that his feet could make no tracks and there was no one to see which way he went, no one but her, and of course she shouldn't—but there her musing stopped, for the colt at this moment came whizzing past her so swiftly that she thought only of her own safety, and clung fiercely to the fence. The colt turned the corner just beyond where she stood and dashed madly up the railway track, which at this point crossed the country road.

'Now,' she thought, triumphantly, 'he will surely never be caught, for so few people will see him on the railway track, but—oh, dear, what was it mamma talked to me about this morning? "Good-will to men," but I don't owe Ned Tanner any good-will, but then, there's that other text, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him," and I suppose that means, too, if his colt runs away, tell him, oh, where is he gone?'

For while she stood there musing and gaz-

ing at the colt, he suddenly disappeared from view, sank instantly out of sight as though the railway had parted and let him through to be buried deep in the earth. Her curiosity overcame her indecision, and she sped up the track determined to discover what had become of the colt.

She had nearly reached the point of the colt's disappearance when his head suddenly appeared above the level of the track, and he turned his eyes toward her with a pitiful whinny. In another moment Elenor was standing on the rail and gazing into the deep culvert where the colt was imprisoned.

'You poor thing,' she exclaimed, as the colt whinnied again.

Although the plucky creature had in some way managed to scramble upon his feet, thus bringing his head just above the track, she saw at a glance that the poor animal could never get out without help. There was but one thing to do, she, the girl whom Ned Tanner had noticed only with his ridicule, must speed to the Tanner home and report the colt's predicament. There was a moment's battling with herself, then she dashed away down the track on her errand of 'good-will.'

But when she arrived at the Tanner mansion, the only living creatures visible were two vociferous dogs and one friendly old cat. The barn and stables were all closed, and seemed deserted, for no one appeared in response to the furious barking of the dogs. Elenor waited irresolutely, trembling a little at the clamor of the dogs, and after a few moments she turned away with the intention of going to the nearest neighbors for help, but as she raised her eyes to inspect the upper windows of the house, she noticed the large farm bell perched high upon a stout post. In another moment she had caught at the rope, which hung quite within her reach, and was sending the summons from the bell far and wide over the farm.

'That will bring the hired men from the field,' she thought, and she seated herself on the steps in the sunlight, to await someone's coming. She had sat thus in patient waiting, however, scarcely three minutes, when a locomotive's shrill shriek brought her again to her feet. For, well indeed, she knew the meaning of that sound. It was the Chicago express whistling at Grandville, only three miles away, and the colt's head lay right in its pathway!

'I must stop that train,' was her instant thought, but how ? She looked wildly around. On the clothes-line near by a bright red tablecloth was swinging in the wind. A bound, a jerk at the end of the tablecloth, and Elenor was racing across the frozen lawn, dragging the tablecloth after her. Fortunately, she was a tall girl for her age, and when she had mounted the high rail fence that skirted the railway track, she felt sure that she should be able to swing the tablecloth high and hard enough to attract the engineer's attention.

In her wild run she had lost her hat, her long black hair had become unbraided, and was flying about her face, her cloak blew back from her shoulders as she waved her arms about, and the December winds found easy access through her well-worn garments. The train seemed so long in coming, and as she stood thus chilled almost to the bone, the thought flashed through her mind:

'I shall take an awful cold, and maybe die. Why should I do all this for Ned Tanner? He made fun of me yesterday, and will again to-morrow if he gets the chance; but "good-will," "good-will," that's what Christmas means, and I must stand here until the train comes, even if I do die for it.'

Although she had really stood there for less than three minutes the time seemed like hours. Her slender arms grew very tired, and her mind became so confused that she could think of nothing but the two sweet words, 'good-will, 'good-will,' over and over again. But at last she heard the rumbling of the train, and in another moment it rounded the curve, coming at terrific speed. Harder and harder she waved her signal, while the winds seemed to aid her, and sent the red cloth high in graceful curves.

'Oh, will they see me, will they understand?' she asked herself frantically. Yes, surely they were slackening their speed, yes, still more slowly, and she knew at last that her signal was understood.

She clambered down from the fence just as the great engine came to a standstill not three feet from the head of the colt. The engineer alighted from his cab and stepped forward to investigate; a glance revealed the situation. He turned toward the shivering, bareheaded girl who stood near-by, still clutching one end of the red tablecloth.

'Well, my girl,' he said, in a kindly, but trembling voice, 'you have saved all of our lives, perhaps.'

'Oh, sir,' exclaimed Elenor, growing pale, 'is that so? I never thought of any harm coming to the train. I was only thinking of saving Ned Tanner's colt.'

'Well,' said the engineer with a grim smile, 'it's a lucky thing for us, then, that you thought enough of Ned Tanner, whoever he may be, to look out for his colt.'

At this moment Mr. Tanner's hired men came running up. They had come to the house in obedience to the bell's imperative summons, and finding everything quiet about the premises, and seeing the express train standing still, they had hurried on up the track to see if they were needed.

Elenor waited long enough to make sure that the colt was not seriously injured, and then, retracing her steps, she found her hat and hurried home to rest.

The following day on returning from school she found that Mr. Tanner had not only been to see her mamma and thanked her for Elenor's bravery in saving the colt, but that he had promised Mrs. Armstrong a good position where the work would be congenial and the payment generous.

But this was not all. About a week afterward, Mrs. Armstrong, on returning from her daily visit to the post-office, brought with her a long yellow envelope, which bore the address, 'Miss Elenor Armstrong.'

Elenor tore it open with trembling fingers, but she was hardly prepared for the revelation it brought her. A letter of thanks from the railway company, and a cheque for five hundred dollars.

'Oh, mamma,' exclaimed Elenor, holding the letter high above her head, and waving it ecstatically, 'oughtn't we to give three cheers for Ned Tanner's frisky colt?'

'Yes,' said her mother, smiling, 'but shouldn't three cheers be given also for the person who hung out the red tablecloth on the line?'

'I suppose so, still if the tablecloth hadn't been there I'd have found something else for a signal.'

'No doubt of it, dear, for I have noticed that the true Christmas spirit is hindered by no obstacle, but always finds a way to carry out its motto of "good-will to men."'

A TRIBUTE FROM WINNIPEG.

'Sound, Consistent, Moral.'

In an address in Winnipeg upon the functions and ideals of modern journalism, Mr. R. L. Richardson, M.P., reviewed the history of the newspaper from its smallest beginning to its present position. We quote parts of his speech from the Winnipeg 'Daily Tribune' :—

'Character was just as essential for a newspaper as it was for a man who was dependent upon the public for support. It was therefore of as prime importance that an editor should guard the reputation and character of his newspaper as it was that an individual should guard his own reputation and character. If honesty was the best policy for an individual, it was, in an accentuated degree, the best policy for a newspaper. In a peculiar sense a newspaper belonged to the public, being in reality the creation of the public. In the lecturer's mind the best example of the value of preserving character in a newspaper was the history of the Montreal 'Witness,' which the speaker regarded as perhaps the most influential journal in Canada. This, he thought, was due to the sound, consistent, moral policy that had been followed, and the high ideals always held up by the 'Witness.' It had invariably been found advocating sound principles, and it had adhered with such pertinacity to its policy that it had forced the respect of the public, and although an ultra-Protestant paper published in the Catholic province of Quebec, Mr. Richardson, ventured the assertion that it was respected by its religious opponents. Inasmuch as the newspaper was the historian of the day, it was desirable that it should be veracious and a faithful recorder of events. The speaker regretted to see the tendency in the United States press of allowing the political policy of the newspaper to show itself in the news department. A paper's policy should only be evinced in the editorial columns. News and comment should be kept separate, in order that faith be kept with the readers. Allusion was made to the spectacle of great journals being purchased in the United States for the purpose of advocating the single standard of exchange. This was vicious, and could not be pronounced upon too severely. The lecturer took the opportunity to impress upon his listeners the necessity of doing their own thinking. As citizens of the commonwealth, it was their duty not to accept this, that or the other opinion and adopt it as their own without first weighing it carefully and bringing their own God-given brains to bear on the question. Men and newspapers were very often interested in promoting views which were not designed in the public interest, therefore the necessity of weighing the pros and cons before adopting these views were emphasized. The true gauge of success was neither the amount of money one accumulated nor the preminence he attained. The best real successes were often set down by the world as sad failures. It was better to deserve success and fail in reaching the goal than to reach the goal by unworthy methods.—Winnipeg 'Tribune.'

Aylmer, Que.,
Nov. 22, 1899.

Dear Sirs,

Kindly find enclosed $3.00 as my subscription to the 'Witness' for the coming year. I understand you have a reduced rate for ministers, but the paper is worth more than its full price to us.

Yours very truly,

JOHN McNICOL.

Cut this out and enclose it in the next letter you write, or hand it to the first friend you meet—adding, if you will, a little word of your own for the 'Witness.'

LITTLE FOLKS

How do you think we kept our Christmas ?
Yes, of course, with a Christmas-tree.
We popped the corn, and made the candy,
And even Frank, our little dandy,
Worked as hard as a busy bee.

Candles ? Yes, and the tree just glittered,
Gay enough, if it was so small.
And—this is the secret—haven't you guessed it ?
Though we worked for it, lighted it, dressed it,
Not for ourselves was the tree, at all.

Who were the guests at our Christmas party ?
The 'other children' Miss Mary knew,
Who never—think of it !—hung up a stocking,
Heard of Santa Clause ! Isn't it shocking ?
Jimmy, and Johnny, and lame little Lou.

Gifts ? Oh, yes, we sewed and knitted,
Made all sorts of the daintiest things;
Bought besides with out Christmas money
Presents, useful, pretty, or funny,
Stars, and a cherub with silver wings.

Katy, and Biddy, and Ben, and the baby,
Seven in all, so shabby and shy.
But oh; so pleased ! Their wonder and pleasure
Over each tiniest toy and treasure
Made me laugh till it made me cry !

That was the way we kept our Christmas.
Guess once more, if you please, for me.
Which was the happiest after the party,
Katy or Biddy or Johnny M'Carty,
Or—you have guessed it already—'twas we !

—'Youth's Companion.

Serena's Little Girl.

(By Annie Hamilton Donnell, in 'C. E. World.')

Miss Annissa carefully folded up the last one, and added it to the little pile.

'There, that's the fourth one,' she said complacently, 'and one's just as neat-looking as another. There isn't a mite of choice. The little dear will look nice as a pin in 'em all. I always did say, if I ever had a little girl, I'd dress her in nice, long-sleeved tiers.'

A certain wistfulness had crept into Miss Annissa's gentle voice. A certain little vista of quiet, well-behaved little girls in long-sleeved 'tiers' opened before her. They stood in an even row, ranged according to ages. They were the little girls Miss Annissa had never had. She saw them sometimes, and in her heart mourned for them as mothers mourn lonesomely over a little row of graves. But now the vision faded quickly. It was different now.

'And I'd have her wear a little round comb to push her hair back,—a red one. I always said that, too. I'm glad I made Maiah Nye hunt till she found one. She said they weren't worn now—well, I know somebody who'll wear one!'

She smiled happily, nodding her gray head to the brisk tune of her thoughts. Miss Annissa had never been quite so happy in her life before. In the drawer where she laid away the pile of calico aprons was a little round red comb. She touched it once or twice awkwardly, with her finger-tips. 'I'd rather her hair'd be curly,' she murmured; 'but I suppose it won't really make a mite of difference. I guess I can love Serena's little girl without any curls !'

Serena was Miss Annissa's cousin; and years ago, before the gap of time and distance opened between them, they had been a great deal to each other. Now, on the far side of the gap, Serena had died and bequeathed her little child to Miss Annissa. The legacy had come to her unexpectedly, a very little time ago. There had been just time to make the neat little calico 'tiers.'

'Bassetville, O., 3.20 p.m.,' the telegram had read (Miss Annissa had read the figures in dollars and cents, unconsciously). 'The child

will arrive on the fourteenth inst., via Coast Line.'

That and the terse, formal letter that preceded it were all that Miss Annissa had to 'go by;' the rest she had woven out of her own fancy, to suit herself.

'Lawyer's letters ain't real human, anyway,' she thought. 'You can't make much out of 'em on account of so many 'whereases' and 'aforesaids.' I really do wish the Lord had spared Serena long enough to write about the little girl herself. I should have liked to call her by her name the first time I saw her.'

In her heart—it was part of her woven fancy—she had named the child Serena, and given her Serena's mild, blue eyes and fair, wavy hair. It made her feel a little acquainted already.

The 'fourteenth instant' was today. Allowing fifteen minutes for Cornelius Quinn to stop and gossip at the post-office, the stage would lumber up to the neat, little white house of Miss Annissa's at a quarter past five o'clock. It was five now. The supper was already set out on the kitchen table on the best blue and white china. Miss Annissa fluttered out frequently, and re-arranged the cups and plates with nervous fingers. Her ears were strained to hear the groan of Cornelius Quinn's waggon-wheels—hark!

'They're coming!' she gasped softly. It was one of the few crises in Miss Annissa's placid life. She hurried to the door, and stood with her hands out, waiting.

'Whoa—back!' shouted Cornelius Quinn, loudly.

A little boy leaped over the wheel, and came running up the gravel path to Miss Annissa.

'I've come,' he announced briefly.

He was little and stocky and freckled. It was not Serena's face that looked out from under his crop of red-brown hair. Serena's!—there was no part of stately, fair Serena in this little, homely boy! Miss Annissa gazed down at his brief, shabby little trousers in speechless horror. Her eyes refused to rise above them. She drew in her breath with a little shivering sigh. This was Serena's little girl!

'I've come,' repeated the child with diminished eagerness. In his soiled, weary little face was the first dull premonition of unwelcomeness. 'But I—I reckon it's a mistake, ma'am,' he went on, fidgeting with his clumsy little shoes on the walk.

Miss Annissa's eyes left the shabby, abbreviated trousers, and descended to the heavy shoes. She groaned under her breath. 'Yes,' she said, 'I guess it's a mistake.' She was remembering the little long-sleeved tiers and the little round red comb with sudden, sharp pain. Serena's little girl would never wear them.

But she rallied under Cornelius Quinn's curious stare, and even gave the boy a certain stilted welcome. It had to answer; the little fellow accepted it gratefully, and with a child's quick forgetfulness made himself at home.

Miss Annissa put away the dainty blue and white cups and plates, and called him in to supper. She had taken her bitter disappointment with stoical resignation, but in her soul there was rebellion.

The days went on—enough of them to make a summer. Miss Annissa was gentle and kind to Serena's little boy, but she went about with cotton in her ears and vague unrest in her heart. The boy's noise fretted her; and his little, honest, homely face failed to appeal to her love. Even his love and devotion to her did not touch her. She mourned—continually for Serena's little gentle, well-behaved girl. It wore upon her strangely; and, when she caught a sudden cold late in the fall, she succumbed to it weakly. It made terrible inroads upon her slender strength, and presently she was very sick indeed.

Maiah Nye shut up her little shop and came to nurse her. The little white house was full of the awe and hush of illness, and Serena's little boy stole about it in his stocking feet, on tiptoe. He was very, very quiet. He pleaded with Maiah to be allowed to sit in the sick-room, and many and many a time Miss Annissa woke from a restless sleep to see him sitting there quietly, with his small brown hands folded. In the delusion of fever she took him for Serena's little girl, and babbled to him happily.

'I'm glad you've got here,' she said. 'Dear land knows I've been waiting long enough! There was a boy,—I can't tell, maybe it was a dream,—but I thought he came instid of you, little Serena. He was a little mite of a homely thing. He wore such heavy shoes—I dreamed they made my head ache, stomping round so, all day long. He couldn't help it, but I'm glad you've got here—dear land, how glad I am!'

She was very often delirious. One day she started up in bed excitedly, and pointed to the boy with her thin, hot forefinger.

'Where's your tier? Why don't you put your tier on that I made for you, little Serena? It's in the lower chest-drawer—and the red comb. I got 'em all ready for you,—why don't you put them on?'

The child slipped away out of the room. When he came back Miss Annissa was asleep. He came in, tripping clumsily over the folds of a long calico tier. It got in his way uncannily,—its sleeves reached to his little cracked knuckles. A stiff ruff of red-brown hair made a halo around his face, pushed upright by a little round red comb. He slipped into his seat at the foot of the bed hurriedly. Maiah's face twitched with laughter in spite of herself, and a flush of embarrassment reddened the boy's forehead. But after that he wore the tier and the round comb always, even away from the sick-room. He was trying to get used to them. In his heart he had made the great sacrifice. 'Dear, good Lord,' he prayed at night, 'I love her—she don't love me, but she's good to me. If you'll let her live, dear Lord, I'm willin' to wear the girl's things always,—I'm willin' to, dear Lord. Please let Miss Annissa live!'

And Annissa lived. Through a terrible day she struggled for her life, and at its end awoke, fragile and like a child, to her first clear consciousness and to life. The boy was sitting at the foot of the bed. She lay and looked at him a very long time. Gradually the meaning of him in his little, crumpled tier and red-brown halo—and the wistful love in his plain little face—arrayed themselves as clear facts in her mind. She understood at last, and with the understanding was born her love for Serena's little boy. It swept over her in a warm, sweet wave. There was healing, there was strength, in it. She called the child to her by and by.

'Dear boy!' she whispered weakly, and drew him down and kissed him. 'Now take them off. I want my boy again. I want just you,' she said.

LESSON XIV.—DECEMBER 31.

Review.

Esther, Ezra, Nehemiah, Malachi.

Golden Text.

'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.—Ps. ciii., 2.

Home Readings.

M. Luke ii., 1-11. (Christmas.) Joyful news.
T. Esther iii., 1-11. Haman's plot against the Jews.
W. Esther viii., 3-8, 15-17. Esther pleading for people.
Th. Ezra viii., 21-32. Ezra's journey to Jerusalem.
F. Neh. i., 1-11. Nehemiah's prayer.
S. Neh. iv., 7-18. Rebuilding the walls.
Su. Neh. viii., 1-12. Public reading of the Scriptures.

Lesson Text.

Supt.—1. I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.
School.—2. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Je-ru'sa-lem.
3. Je-ru'sa-lem is builded as a city that is compact together:
4. Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Is'ra-el, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.
5. For there are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of Da'vid.
6. Pray for the peace of Je-ru'sa-lem: they shall prosper that love thee.
7. Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.
8. For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee.
9. Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good.

The Bible Class.

'Forget not'—Ps. ix., 17; lxxviii., 10, 11; cvi., 13-15, 21: Isa. xvii., 10, 11; li., 12, 13: Jer. ii., 32; iii., 21-23; xviii., 14-17: Ezek xxii., 12: Hos. vi., 6; xii., 6: Deut. iv., 9, 23, 31-39; vi., 12, 17; viii., 11-20: Jud. iii., 7-9: I Sam. xii., 9-11.

LESSON I.—Ps. cxxii.

1. What made the psalmist glad?
2. What is typified by Jerusalem?
3. What is the Golden Text?

LESSON II.—Esther iii., 1-11.

1. What aroused Haman's anger against the Jews?
2. Who were the king and queen at this time? Where did they live?
3. What had the queen to do with the Jews?

LESSON III.—Esther viii., 3-8, 15-17.

1. What did Esther do for her nation?
2. Why did it require great courage?
3. What is the feast of Purim?
4. Is God able to deliver His people out of every difficulty?

'Tis the grandest theme in the earth or main;
'Tis the grandest theme for a mortal strain;
'Tis the grandest theme—tell the world again,
Our God is able to deliver thee.
—W. A. O.

LESSON IV.—Ezra viii., 21-32.

1. How did Ezra prepare for his journey?
2. How did Ezra handle the gold and silver intrusted to him?
3. How did Jehovah answer the special prayers of his people?
4. Does God hear and answer prayer today?
5. Did God ever send you anything you prayed for?
6. Do you pray honestly every day? Do you pray earnestly, humbly, and thankfully? this was the way Ezra obtained what he asked from God.

LESSON V.—Psalms lxxxv. and cxxvi.

1. For what does the Psalmist give thanks?
2. What precious promises are given in the two last verses of Psalm cxxvi.?

LESSON VI.—Nehemiah I., 1-11.

1. Of what nationality was Nehemiah? Where did he live?
2. What made him sad, one day?
3. Nehemiah was a very good young man yet he confessed his sins in humility before God; can any one feel satisfied with himself in the light of God's holiness?
4. How did God answer Nehemiah's prayer? (II., 4-9).

Thou art coming to a king:
Rich petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

LESSON VII.—Nehemiah iv., 7-18.

1. What did Nehemiah go to Jerusalem for?
2. What did the enemies of God's people do?
3. How did the Jews manage to go on with their work?
4. Who protected them?

LESSON VIII.—Neh. viii., 1-12.

1. Who was the learned priest who gathered and copied the Scriptures and read them aloud to the people?
2. Was this an important work?
3. Supposing that your Bible was destroyed how much of it could you write down from memory?

LESSON IX.—Proverbs xxiii., 29-35.

1. What are the accompaniments of strong drink?
2. If the world were divided into two companies, one composed of those who drink, and the other, of those who do not drink, which side would you rather belong to?
3. If you drink or smoke or swear, will it make you noble or great or good?
4. Have you signed the pledge?

Blest are the pure in heart;
For they shall see our God,
The secret of the Lord is theirs
Their soul in Christ's abode.

LESSON X.—Nehemiah xiii., 15-22.

1. What sight distressed Nehemiah on the Sabbath?
2. How did he set to work to keep the Sabbath holy?
3. Will God honor us if we do not honor his day?

LESSON XI.—Malachi I., 6-11; iii., 8-12.

1. How did the priests treat the Lord of the whole earth?
2. What kind of sacrifices did they offer to the All-seeing Jehovah?
3. Why were the people cursed?
4. What were they promised if they would obey God?
5. What has God given to you? (II Cor. iv., 6.)
6. What has the Lord Jesus done for you?
7. What claim has he on your life? (Cor. vi., 20; iii., 23.)

LESSON XII.—Malachi iii., 13, to iv., 6.

1. Are the people who obey God happy?
2. What kind of treasure do the people who spend their life in self indulgence, lay up for themselves?
3. What promise of the coming Redeemer does this lesson contain?

LESSON XIII.—Isaiah ix., 2-7.

1. What do we celebrate at Christmas time?
2. What were some of the names and attributes of the Saviour foretold by the prophets?
3. Who should receive the most gifts?
4. What Christmas present did God give to the earth? (John iii., 16.)

He rules the world with truth and grace;
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

Suggestions.

'The half has never yet been told,' 'Hark the voice of Jesus,' 'Stand up for Jesus!' 'There is a gate that stands ajar,' 'Praise the Saviour,' 'He is able to deliver thee,' 'Have courage,' I gave my life for thee.' 'Joy to the world' 'It came upon the midnight clear,' 'A few more years shall roll,' 'Peace, perfect peace,' 'Light after darkness.'

Junior C. E.

Dec. 31.—Praise God for His kindness of the past year. Psa. 23: 1-6. (A New Year's meeting.)

C. E Topic.

Dec. 31.—The heavenly record. Luke 10: 20; Rev. 3: 1-5. (A New Year's meeting.)

Opium Catechism.

(By Dr. R. H. McDonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER IV.—THE OPIUM HABIT.

1. Q.—What is the opium habit?
A.—People who are constantly drunk with opium are spoken of as having the opium habit.
2. Q.—What is the difference between an opium drunkard and an alcohol drunkard?
A.—The opium eater shows his drunkenness less, but he must keep drunk all the time, and never have a sober moment.
3. Q.—In what respect is this opium habit worse than alcoholic intemperance?
A.—When once acquired it can seldom be left off except its unfortunate victim suffers the pain of a thousand deaths, and often the person using it cannot live without it.
4. Q.—Can the opium habit ever be broken off?
A.—It can be broken off by those who have not used it long or taken it regularly.
5. Q.—What does regular opium intemperance mean?
A.—It means death, mental, moral, and physical. He who cannot instantly drop the drug is drifting to destruction.
6. Q.—Does the use of liquor attend the opium habit?
A.—Opium users feel compelled to use stimulants to support the system. Liquor is then taken with the false idea that it builds up the system.
7. Q.—After the soothing effect of opium has passed away what happens?
A.—A reaction occurs and the victim suffers extreme agony.
8. Q.—What is one feature of the opium habit?
A.—That the doses of opium must be taken at a certain time and with great regularity.
9. Q.—When the system has adapted itself to the drug what usually happens?
A.—The patient is then inclined to increase the quantity of opium taken.
10. Q.—What then happens?
A.—The larger the dose consumed the greater is the demand. The patient suffers intensely, sleeplessness and nausea being increased.
11. Q.—Does the use of opium affect all persons alike?
A.—No; its effects and power to control are dissimilar, and each has his own time and method of taking the drug.
12. Q.—What is usually the cause of the opium habit?
A.—Opium is first taken to allay pain, and thus the habit is formed.
13. Q.—What does Dr. F. H. Hubbard say of the opium habit?
A.—'The victm of opium is bound to a drug from which he derives no benefits, but which slowly deprives him of health and happiness, finally to end in idiocy or premature death.'

The varieties of effect produced by opium on different constitutions are many. The victims may be known by their pallid faces and peculiar expression of the eye.

Fox and Goose.

'Hullo, Fred!' said Charlie. 'Cold evening!'

'Yes; we shall have a smartish frost tonight, I reckon.'

'Where have you been to?'

'Down to old Joe Martin's; he's teaching me the fiddle, you know.'

'Going to be a musician, eh?'

'Well, I don't know so much about that; but, I expect that the musicians mostly don't have such stiff fingers as mine — though I can play enough to amuse myself at least.'

'Isn't it dreadful hard work?'

'"Twas a job at first, to be sure, but it's a bit easier now.'

'I never could have patience to learn those little black crankumbobs all over the page; they're all alike to my thinking.'

'Well, of course, it just depends on whether you think it worth the trouble. Music's like most other things—it isn't worth while beginning unless you mean to keep on.'

'Well, I couldn't be bothered. But I say, Fred, just take out your fiddle, and give us a tune.'

'No, thank you, Charlie, not here. This frosty air wouldn't suit my fiddle's health.'

'Oh, just a minute wouldn't hurt it. Do, now, there's a good chap.'

'No, but if you like——'

'I say, Phil,' exclaimed Charlie, as Phil came up, 'do get Fred to give us a tune on his old fiddle; he's as careful of it as if it were a baby.'

'I know something better than that; step in here in the "Fox and Geese," said Fred, and give us a tune.'

'No, thank you, Phil.'

'Why, Phil, you forget that Fred and I are both Band of Hope boys!'

'Well, what of that? You needn't drink anything if you do come in.'

'I've never been inside a public-house in my life.'

'No more had I, till the first time. There must be a first time to everything.'

'Not to that. Look here, Phil, I was just going to say, when you came up, that if Charlie liked to come on home with me I'd play to him there, and so I will to you.'

'No, thanks, I'm going in here. You'd best come, too, Charlie; there's a jolly billiard-table.'

'You come along with me, Charlie.'

'Come on, Charlie, don't be a soft. There's Tom Horton and Will Davis in there, and a lot more chaps.'

'Don't you go, Charlie; you know those chaps play for money, and you're best outside.'

'I suppose I needn't play for money, if I do go in?'

'Of course, you needn't. Don't be such a milk-sop, Fred.'

'If you can't say no to Phil, now you're outside,' said Charile, 'do you think you'll find it any easier to say no to all the rest when you're inside?'

'Anyone would think I was a baby! "Can't say no," indeed!'

'Say it, then, and come on.'

'Go on yourself if you're afraid,' sneered Phil, 'but don't frighten Charlie too.'

'I'm not afraid,' said Charlie.

'You are, then! You're afraid to come in!'

'I'm not afraid of anything!'

'I am,' said Fred; 'I'm afraid of doing wrong.'

'Oh, we know why you won't come in,' said Phil. 'Mother wouldn't like it! I wouldn't be tied to my mother's apron-strings!'

'We might go in just for a minute or two, Fred,' said Charlie; 'Phil does laugh at one so.'

'Well, I'd rather make Phil laugh, than make mother cry, so he can say what he's a mind to about apron-strings. Anyhow I'm going home. She's got a rare good fire for me, and a jolly supper; and you'd best come, too, both of you. I'll back mother's cosy room against the "Fox and Geese" parlor, any night. Come on!' hooking his arm in Charlie's.'

'Good-night, Phil!'

Phil stood looking after them for a moment, and then turned into the "Fox and Geese."—'Friendly Greetings.'

Premium Acknowledgment.

Carlton Place.

Dear Editor,—I received my knife Saturday evening, Nov. 25, and was very glad to receive it so promptly. I did not expect it to be such a nice one, and was very much surprised when I opened the parcel. Thanking you for the opportunity to get such a nice premium.

I remain yours respectfully,
HAROLD LLOYD STEWART.

Baie Verte.

Dear Sirs,—I received knife in good condition, am very much pleased with it. Please accept thanks for promptness in sending.

Yours truly,
HOWARD HAMILTON.

Correspondence

Christmas Greeting.

Dear Boys and Girls,—Again the merry bells of Yule-tide ring in the happy holiday season. Again our hearts are full of the joy of giving and receiving those tokens of loving remembrance with which we show our appreciation of one another every year. Again we gather around mother's knee to hear the sweetest tale on earth, the story of our Saviour's birth. Again we gather in church and Sabbath-school in reverent worship and prayer of Him who came to earth as a little child so many years ago.

You have heard the story often. You remember how the little town of Bethlehem was full of visitors that first Christmas eve, then in the inn, or hotel as we would call it, there was no room for the King of Kings. His first resting place was a manger in a lowly cattle shed. To-day the Lord Jesus makes his resting place in the hearts of those who love Him. You will say, there are a great many people who love the Lord Jesus! Yes, but there are a great many more who do not love Him. Is it not sad?

There was no room in the inn. Perhaps you have wondered over that part of the story, and wished that you had been there to offer Him your house. I am sure that you could not rest quietly in your snug little bed to-night if you knew that the Saviour was coming to earth again as a little helpless babe and had nowhere to lay His head. You would be glad to give Him your little white bed, even if you had to sleep on the floor yourself, would you not?

The Lord Jesus comes to earth now not as a little babe who needs a bed, but by His Spirit who seeks a resting place in our hearts. Have you opened your heart to receive Him? If not, will you not ask Him this Christmas to come and make your heart His home and His throne?

I know that a great many of you have opened your hearts to make room for the Lord Jesus, and know something of the joy of His presence. But around you there are schoolmates and friends, perhaps brothers and sisters whose hearts are full of other things, taken up with their own pleasures and difficulties, and when the Lord Jesus knocks at their heart's door, they just say, 'there is no room.'

There was no room in the inn. But if some one had told the landlord that the Lord of the whole earth, the king of Glory, was coming to earth that night, do you not think he would have made an effort to get rid of some of his guests and give the very best room to the King? He did not know that the Lord was coming, nor did he recognize Him when He came. So our friends who are all taken up with their own interests do not really know the Lord Jesus, nor understand what an honor He does them in asking for room in their hearts.

Perhaps if you would tell some one how you made room for the Lord Jesus in your heart, and how glad you are to have Him make His home and His throne there, that one would be glad to open his heart to the Saviour, too. Sometimes people wait for years and years for some friend to speak to them about the Saviour, but the friend is too shy or forgetful or careless, and the opportunity passes and the soul is lost, all for the lack of a loving word from one who could tell of the joy of having Jesus in your heart.

Will you try to make room for the Lord Jesus in some heart this Christmas-time? He will bless you and be with you, and give you the true joy of Christmas in your own heart.

Your loving friend,
THE CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR.

Black River Bridge, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live in the township of Marysburgh, in Prince Edward County. I can see boats on Lake Ontario. My father is a fruit-grower, and so I have a great deal of fun in the summer, when the berries are ripe. We have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for about thirty years in our family, and could not get along without it.

RALPH G., aged 10.

Hazel Grove, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—Never having seen a letter from this place, I thought I would write one to let you know that I like reading your paper. I am ten years of age. I live on a farm, and my father also has a grist and carding mill. My father and one of my brothers are nearly all the time away from home, as our mills are three miles from home. I am in the fourth book. Our school is one mile from home. We are generally taken in a sleigh in the winter. We have thirteen milch cows. I mostly help to milk, and like it, as long as the cows are not too hard to milk. I hope I will see this letter in the Correspondence page soon.

FREDDIE B.

New Richmond, Que.

Dear Editor,—I live near the beautiful Bay de Chaleurs. I like to go down to the shore and gather stones and shells. Many people from cities come here in the summer. Many vessels come here laden with flour, tea, sugar, coffee, and molasses, and other goods; sent away laden with oats, potatoes, eggs, butter, hay, and other products. The sold in very rich, so that large crops are raised, trains run daily. Now I will tell about home. There are eleven children in all. One of my sisters is in Boston, and one in Montreal. She teaches a Chinese class. My sister sent me a doll that can open and shut its eyes. I can move its arms and legs. My papa is a farmer, he goes to the woods in winter. I have joined the Loyal Temperance Legion. My mamma belongs to the W. C. T. U.

ROSIE H. M., aged 11.

Halfway River, N.S.

Dear Editor,—We had a terrible storm here a while ago. We went to school that day and got a ride home. The school-house is about a quarter of a mile from our house. We like our teacher very much. Her name is Miss Fulton, she is full of fun. She lent me her skates and she and I went out skating one day after school.

MINNIE F., aged 11.

Harrow, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have a brother a little older than I am; we have fine times playing at marbles and ball. We have a bush on our farm. We gather lots of nuts in the fall. We get your 'Messenger' every Sunday, and like it very much. I think it is the nicest paper we have.

THOMAS R. R., aged 10.

Carbonear, Nfld.

Dear Editor,—I have seven brothers, and papa takes the 'Messenger,' for us to read. We have had a very frosty winter. I go up to grandma's nearly every day, and play with my cousin.

WILHELMINA, aged 9.

Time flies.

Procrastination is the thief of time.

Don't put off till to-morrow, what you can do for the 'Messenger' to-day.

The early canvasser gets the willing subscriber.

Good intentions are only worth what they accomplish.

If you intend to get subscribers for the 'Messenger' and premiums for yourself, please do—and do it at once.

HOUSEHOLD.

'No Room In the Inn.'

No beautiful chamber,
No soft cradle bed,
No place but a manger,
No where for His head;
No praises of gladness,
No thought of their sin,
No glory but sadness,
'No room in the inn.'

No sweet consecration,
No seeking His past,
No humiliation,
No place in the heart;
No thought of the Saviour
No sorrow for sin,
No prayer for His favor,—
'No room in the inn.'

No one to receive Him,
No welcome while here,
No balm to relieve Him,
No staff but a spear;
No seeking His treasure
No weeping for sin,
No doing His pleasure—
'No room in the inn.'

—A. L. S.

A Morning Call.

'That is something I will not do!' exclaimed Miss Blank, one morning, as she surprised Mrs. Brown at the kitchen porch door. 'No thank you, I will not come in; if I may have a chair, I will rest out here; I just ran over to thank you for that delicious cake you sent me yesterday. I would like very much to know the name of it, and perhaps you will favor me with the recipe?'

'There you have it, the name I mean, for that is just what it is, "delicious" in feature and name. If I want cake par excellence for home or abroad (socials) I can always depend upon it. It never yet has failed me.'

'But pray tell me what is that particular "something" you will not do?' queried Mrs. Brown, referring to her friend's greeting.

'Pay my cook three and a half dollars a week, and then do the baking!' Mrs. Brown smiled at her friend's emphatic statement.

'It's John,' she replied.

'He declares my pies and cakes are the best he has ever eaten. And, moreover, that there is an element of "hygienic virtue" in them which dispenses with the necessity of the so-called "aids to digestion."

'Now if there is anything next to duty that inspires one to one's level best, it is appreciation of unremitting effort. So I bake all the pie and cake eaten in this house. John receives my labor with such a graceful spirit, that always has a "thank you" in it, that—well, it is no labor at all.'

Miss Blank was not convinced, and shook her head in merry disapproval, remarking, 'Oh, I see our difference of opinion is the difference of a "John, or no John." You have everything so conveniently at hand,' she observed.

'Yes, John's appreciation is decidedly practical and substantial. He had a carpenter come to put up this little cabinet table. It contains all my baking paraphernalia, and saves me many a step. This morning it is lemon pie,' informed Mrs. Brown, as she proudly opened the cabinet door, to bring forth the necessary articles.

'With a meringue?' questioned her visitor, with interest.

'With a meringue,' Mrs. Brown quoted.

'Ours is always leathery, and the crust soggy,' complained her friend.

'Oh, I can help you there,' encouraged Mrs. Brown. 'A leathery, fallen meringue is the result of one of two things, or both. Either your oven is too hot or else you do not beat your eggs sufficiently. I learned how to avoid soggy crust through disappointment,' laughed Mrs. Brown. 'One day I prepared my crust for lemon pie expecting my grocer with the lemons, but he did not come. I was sure my crust would spoil over night; the fact proved otherwise. Never before had I such success. Now I plan to have the crust stand over night. This is especially true for custard and berry pie. Apple too. I cannot explain the philosophy of the result, unless the moisture in the dough evaporates.'

Miss Blank stored these facts in her mental pigeon hole for future use, as she went down the garden walk, repeating also in her mind the recipe for 'delicate cake.'

One half cupful of butter, two cupsful of granulated sugar, one cupful of sweet milk, three eggs, beat whites and yolks separately, three cupsful of flour, three teaspoonsful of baking powder. Bake in tnese layers. Ice each layer with boiled iceing, also the top layer. All thickly studded with almonds.

Boiled iceing.—Two cupsful of granulated sugar to one half cupful of water. Boil till it threads. Beat the whites of two eggs to stiff froth. Add to the boiled sugar while warm, pouring very slowly.—M. Frances Rankin, in New York 'Observer.'

Three Good Recipes.

(From 'W. R. Signal.')

Ginger Pudding.—Half-a-pound flour, quarter pound suet, quarter pound moist sugar, two large teaspoonfuls of ground ginger. Put all in a well-buttered basin, after thoroughly mixing. No liquid to be used. Boil for quite three hours.

A Delicious Pudding.—Fill a pie-dish with alternate layers of bread-crumbs (dotted with butter and slightly sprinkled with spice) and sharp flavored apples, sliced very thin, and well covered with sugar. Let the top layer be bread-crumbs and then bake a nice light brown.

Potatoe Fingers.—Take six large potatoes, boil them and then peel them; place them while hot on a paste board; mash them with a rolling-pin. Add a good sprinkle of salt, two tablespoonfuls of flour, and one egg. Make a stiff dough of it, roll it like a long sausage, then cut into sections, which you lightly roll with the fingers. Place in a frying-pan three tablespoonfuls of dripping; when bubbling put in the potato fingers; when brown all round, serve at once.

Wants a 'Witness' in Boston

Messrs. John Dougall & Son:

Sirs,—I want to ask some questions which you may or may not deem proper to answer. I will preface the questions by saying that ever since I saw the 'Witness' some two years ago, I have been WISHING that some of Boston's big men, who profess to care, at least, a little for the rising generation, would unite and follow your example in giving, at your price, the same kind of a daily paper. Each additonal copy of the 'Witness' that reaches me increases and intensifies my desire. My mind has been running over the names of men, but I could only think of one who was competent to take the editor's chair, and when I had sought him, he had left to take charge of a fortune left him. I do not know if more congenial, but probably his fortune will prove more comfortable than journalism. The mystery to me is, how can such a paper be made to pay. To my mind the man to take the chief editor's chair would be harder to find than those who would advance capital. The chief manager of finances yet harder to find. But if the information, which I hope to obtain from you, is sufficiently encouraging, I will make an energetic effort to find some one who will lead off in the movement. If I fail to find the right one, I shall have done my best, and be better satisfied than if no effort was made. I have been told that Elliot F. Shepherd lost a fortune on his paper, 'The Mail & Express,' but his was not like yours. To my mind a Daily should not undertake to rival a religious Weekly. It should be like the 'Witness' evenly balanced on all points of interest to the better half of the people, and yet so alive and up to date that the poorer half will buy it for its cheapness, and read it for its brightness and smartness, and be satisfied, even if they find neither minute descriptions of horrible murders nor other vile crimes, nor advertisements of an injurious nature. In other words, a Daily should be like a plenteous and well prepared meal, which so satisfies the stomach that it has no longing for things stimulating and injurious.

Now for the questions. 1st can you make your Daily pay for itself without the profits from your Job Printing and kindred departments? Would you advise, or believe it wise for any one, or a syndicate to undertake the publication of such a paper as yours in our wicked city of Boston? I do not know if Boston is wickeder than Montreal. We have two penny papers here, but neither is worth the cost of the paper upon which they are printed, and they are doing their readers an incalculable amount of harm.

'Oh, for a good penny paper' is the cry of large numbers of our people, for the elevation of humanity the wide world over, beginning at Boston.

MRS. L. H. DAGGETT.

The fact that people in Great Britain, in Australia, and in the United States, have written us letters similiar to the above clearly denotes the need of such papers as the 'Wtness.' Where such a paper does not exist people are willing to move heaven and earth to have such a paper.

But where such a paper exists most people take it as they do the air they breathe as a matter of course, the promotion of its welfare often occupying them less than their criticism of it. To criticise is easy; to do, difficult.

Sample copies of the 'Witness' will be sent on application, or the 'Daily Witness' will be sent for one month for 25 cents and the Weekly three months for 25 cents on trial. The article on 'The War Situation' is itself worth much more than that.

Our Book Corner.

A Vest Pocket Commentary on the International Sabbath School Lessons for 1900, by Rev. De Loss M. Tompkins, is issued by Fred D. Ewell, 126 Market St., Chicago. This is a convenient and comprehensive little volume with, maps, calendar, and a multitude of original helps for study.

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